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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Letters from the Abbe Edgeworth to his Friends, written between the years 1777 and 1807: with Memoirs of his Life, &c.*  
By the Rev. Thomas R. England.  
pp. 229.

This is an extremely valuable little work. The fate of the benevolent Abbe Edgeworth linked him so closely with the most illustrious victims of these times, that he becomes identified with them in history, and acquires a claim to attention, in addition to those which his own excellence would have secured. To be the intrepid attendant of his king to the scaffold, the utterer of that sublime apostrophe, *Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!* the proscribed and persecuted apostle of the French church, the friend of royalty in exile and distress, form a combination of circumstances in the life of one man, rare in interest and importance, and calculated at once to excite and gratify the intensest feelings.

Henry Essex Edgeworth, generally known as the Abbe Edgeworth, was born at Edgeworth's Town, in Ireland, some time in the year 1745. The family from which he descended has been resident in that country since the year 1582, and is one of those with the mention of whose name is associated much of the literary and scientific improvement of the British empire. Robert, the father of the Abbe, was a clergyman of the established church, and for some years rector of Edgeworth's-town, in the county of Longford: he was married to Miss Usher, sister of the elegant author of *Clio on Taste*, and the *Freethinker's Letters*, and grand-daughter of the Archbishop of that name, so celebrated for antiquarian research and religious controversy. Three years after the Abbe's birth, his father resigned the living which he held in the established church, and professed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic creed.

His wife, and her brother, already mentioned, abjured their faith about the same time; and in 1749 the family of the Abbe settled in Toulouse, where he was educated for the service of the Church, whose principles his father had embraced, and of which he was himself afterwards so distinguished an ornament.

Having finished the usual course of belles lettres and rhetoric at Toulouse, our subject was, at the suggestion

of Dr. Moylan, (afterwards Catholic Bishop of Cork, with whom he formed at this time a friendship which only closed with life,) sent to Paris to complete his education; whither also the rest of his family went. Here he attended the philosophical lectures at the colleges of Navarre and the Sorbonne; and being called to Priest's orders removed to the Seminary of *Les Missions Etrangeres, Rue de Bacq*. From the performance of his humble and useful duties in this station, he was selected to a more elevated post as the spiritual guide of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, to whom his attachment appears to have been unbounded. Thus rendered a near and observant spectator of the revolution, his earlier letters to Dr. Moylan in this volume, relate to the demoralizing progress of that calamity which nearly destroyed religion and government together, substituting in their room atheism and anarchy. As the state of the Church is most frequently touched upon, the particulars of its subversion are curious and instructive. Politics are not often introduced, but where they are, we have the writer's authority, and it is not a mean one, for thinking that there could be no peace in Europe co-existent with the new doctrines of France.

It is evidently his interest (says he in a letter, 21st of March 1792, speaking of the policy likely to be followed by the Emperor, to make good all the promises of his father;) for, considering the great zeal of our new Apostles, he cannot expect to enjoy peace in his own dominions, if the spirit of insubordination which now prevails in France is not effectually repressed.

The views of the writer about this period indeed seem to be almost prophetic. In November of the same year he thus writes:—

I am almost the only man I know of, who dare raise up his head, and hope for happier times. May Providence bring about what I foresee! for the astonishing success of our armies must be either a miracle wrought in their favour, or a snare into which they give; and for my part I see much less probability for the miracle than for the snare.

Having carried on a correspondence with Madame Elizabeth in the Temple, besides being guilty of the crime of cheering the last moments of her brother's life, it is no wonder that the

blood-hounds of the Revolution sought to add the Abbe Edgeworth to his murdered brethren. He, however, escaped all their toils; and when the execution of the amiable Princess dissolved all his ties with France, he, in 1796, retreated to the security of Great Britain. It is much to be lamented, that domiciliary visits, and the hunting of his persecutors, obliged him to destroy the correspondence with which he was entrusted; but so it was, and even with this precaution his danger was so imminent, that his safety appears miraculous. The letters were conveyed by means of balls of silk or cotton, and related to affairs of the utmost consequence. A letter dated London, 1st Sept. 1796, from the Abbe to his brother Usher in Dublin, gives a brief and simple, but highly pathetic detail of his past career. The application of Louis the XVIth, for his aid to smooth the path to death is peculiarly affecting, and we copy a part of it.

The message he sent was moving beyond expression, and worded in a manner which I never shall forget. A king, though in chains, had a right to command;—but he commanded not. My attendance was requested, merely as a pledge of my affection for him—as a favour which he hoped I would not refuse: but, as the service was likely to be attended with some danger for me, he dared not insist, and only prayed (in case I deemed the danger too great) to point out to him a Clergyman worthy of his confidence, but less known than I was myself; leaving the person absolutely to my choice.

In the face of almost certain death the amiable and heroic Abbe himself accepted the office, and at the foot of the guillotine rendered the last consolations of religion to his martyred master:—"a prince," as he declares, "who, with every virtue, had but one fault,—that of thinking too well of others, whilst he refused common justice to himself. Such was the monarch in whose blood the axe of the assassins reddened, to the eternal disgrace of France." Of this inhuman scene, the Abbe witnesses;—

All that I can say is, that as soon as the fatal blow was given, I fell upon my knees, and thus remained until the vile wretch, who acted the principal part in this horrid tragedy, came with shouts of joy, shewing the bleeding head to the mob, and sprinkling me with the blood that streamed from

it. Then, indeed, I thought it time to quit the scaffold; but, casting my eyes round about, I saw myself invested by twenty or thirty thousand men in arms; and to pierce the crowd, seemed to me to be a foolish attempt. However, as I must take that party, or, by remaining, appear to share the public joy, my only resource was to recommend myself to Providence, and steer my course towards the side on which the ranks seemed to have less depth. All eyes were fixed on me, as you may suppose; but as soon as I reached the first line, to my great surprise, no resistance was made: the second line opened in the same manner; and when I got to the fourth or fifth, my coat being a common surcoat, (for I was not permitted, on this occasion, to wear any exterior marks of a Priest,) I was absolutely lost in the crowd, and no more noticed than if I had been a simple spectator of a scene which for ever will dishonour France.

Traced from retreat to retreat, the Abbe at length found concealment at Bayeaux in Normandy, where he lived during the last eighteen months he passed in France, with a tried friend, the Baron de Lezardier, who, with his youngest son and three daughters, also found refuge here—the rest of his family being massacred by the Jacobins. At length, when Madame Elizabeth was put to death, the Abbe, as we have noticed, fled to England, and soon joined the fugitive royal family at Edinburgh. He next entered into the family and service of the present King, at Mittau, in Courland, and approved himself a good and faithful servant. His letters from Mittau constitute a very affecting portion of the work, and his prescience will be acknowledged when we cite a passage from a letter written nearly eighteen years ago:—

By all accounts, parties still run high in France; and it is likely that we shall see more than one convulsion there before order is restored. But I am confident that the French will sooner or later return to their former masters, though it be impossible at present to say by what means, or when.—

His description of the Royal Race, then tried so severely by adversity, is worthy of regard. He says,

The King is not only a believer, but, to the whole extent of the word, a truly religious prince, endowed with every virtue that makes the saint, and with a capacity far superior to what I have met with in any other man upon earth. Unfortunately, he is, as to body, of a most corpulent disposition, which renders him less fit than he would otherwise be, for the arduous task of restoring matters in France. His Nephew and Niece, inferior to him in point of instruction and talents, are at least his equals as to piety and religion. The young

prince, especially, needs only to be kept in proper bounds; for he would go too far if left to himself. The three lead a most solitary life; and, though in a town of dissipation and pleasure, far beyond any other I have seen in my travels, they partake of none. A few visits received (for they do not pay any) and those very short, a jaunt in their carriage when the weather is fine, or a solitary walk on foot, are the only distraction they allow to their melancholy thoughts.

Nor was the Abbe himself spared his worldly troubles. The friend in whose hands the purchase-money of his paternal estate had been left at interest, became bankrupt, and plunged him into poverty. This affliction he bore like a man and a Christian, and in the hour of distress applied to Mr. Pitt for a pension, which had been generously offered before when he escaped from France, and honourably refused, as this worthy person did not then stand in need of pecuniary aid. This application was most handsomely and feelingly granted. The other most memorable event in the life of Mr. Edgeworth, was his being sent in 1800 to St. Petersburg, to confer the order of St. Louis on the Emperor Paul. His reception was such as his virtues merited.

As we have devoted so considerable a portion of our limits to this publication, we shall now conclude with observing, that the death of this good Priest was worthy of his life. He fell a victim to his care of the sick on the 22d of May 1807. The King of France announced the melancholy tidings to his brother, in a letter which does credit to his head and heart; and with a translation of which we close this review, again recommending the book, whence it is taken, to the attention of the public.

Louis XVIII. to Mr. Usher Edgeworth.

SIR,

The letter which the Archbishop of Rheims wrote to you, has informed you of the melancholy loss we have sustained. You will regret the best and tenderest of brothers. I weep for a friend, a comforter, a benefactor, who guided the King, my brother, on his way to heaven, and pointed out the same path to me. The world did not deserve to possess him any longer. Let us submit to this stroke, in reflecting that he is gone to receive the reward due to his virtues; but as we are not forbidden to receive the condolence of beings of an inferior order, I offer you mine, in the midst of the general affliction caused by this misfortune. Yes, Sir, the death of your brother has been a public calamity. My family, and all the loyal French by whom I am surrounded, feel as I do—as if we had lost our

father; and our affliction is shared by all the inhabitants of Mittau. All classes and all sects united at his funeral, and universal lamentation accompanied him to his last home.

May this recital soften your sorrow! May I thus give to the memory of this most respectable of men, a new proof of my veneration and attachment.

Be assured, Sir, of my good wishes for you, and for all the family of the Abbe Edgeworth. LOUIS.

ASTARTE, a Sicilian Tale; with other Poems. By the Author of 'Melancholy Hours.' pp. 173.

Readers, who read at their ease, little know the trials and sorrows to which poor critics are exposed; and it is marvellous to us that, as all our tribe are writers by profession, no one has been found to sing our laments, in the same way as the hardships of soldiers, and sailors, and lovers, and captives, and other sufferers, have been bemused. Till some such hard arises, we shall simply content ourselves with putting in a claim to consideration: we do not aim at a public subscription, the fashionable remedy for all grievances, but a certain degree of favour to cheer us on our way, beset as it is by many temptations, environed by threats and seductions, worse be-devilled than ever St. Anthony was, with foul forms and fair; in short, the very path which of all paths is the most difficult to keep in straight-forwardness and undeviating impartiality.

The author of these poems is a young lady, not two-and-twenty. We could no more be severe upon her, than we could sit as grand inquisitors in Spain, where the holy tribunal is happily re-established, to condemn a beautiful young she-heretic to the flames, for doubting the infallibility of Pope John. Yet we must be a little justish. Astarte is an imitation of Lord Byron, and is a pretty poem. Attaching the received meaning to the epithet we have used, it is scarcely necessary to add, that it wants the noble poet's grasp of soul, and fierce and fiery touches, which seize and toss the heart as with a tempest.

Adelmorn, the favoured lover of Astarte, has become a pirate, and meets her on the sea-shore on the night previous to her marriage with Herman. He promises to rescue her the next day, but, owing to a storm, arrives too late. Attacked and defeated on the strand, he struggles up to his mistress' tower and breathes his last; and she

dies of a broken heart. His address to induce her to elope with him, is far too long for the poem, but it is stated in the preface to be a fragment, and consequently we may excuse a want of proportion in the parts. We select as a specimen of the verse, which is very irregular, the description of Astarte's decline.

She fell,—as falls a lovely flower,  
Blighted in the very spring  
Of beauty and of blossoming,  
By the red lightning's scorching power;  
It droops upon the blasted spray,  
And withers leaf by leaf in slow but sure decay;  
But tho' the Spoiler's hand hath o'er it past,  
Its buds retain their sweets and fragrance to the last.

As falling stars, ere they expire,  
Emit a brighter, clearer fire—  
So beauty's loveliest, softest smile  
Illumed her fading eyes the while.  
From those orbs thro' the veil of death would break.

Flashes of wild, yet dazzling lightness,  
(As the silver mist hangs on the moon-light lake,  
That still flows on in native brightness.)  
And oft Death's fever'd fingers threw  
The young carnation's hectic hue  
O'er her soft cheek's transparent whiteness.

That lovely,—but deceiving flush,  
Which lends decay a faithless bloom;  
And looks like beauty's purest blush,  
While 'tis the herald of the tomb.

She faded sweetly from the sight,  
And gently stole from life away,  
As melts the rainbow into light  
At close of summer's stormy day.

There are a good many minor poems of various merit. One only we cannot approve,—the valedictory stanzas, by a lady on the eve of her nuptials. Ladies who love other men so much as is here set down, ought not to deceive any miserable dog by giving a hand where the heart is estranged. We fear our fair writer has let a little too much of female secrets out here.

Soon, soon the pangs that rend this breast,  
My aching heart must learn to hide, Love;  
Soon must this face in smiles be drest,  
For I shall be—another's bride, Love.  
Yes! I must learn to school my heart,  
When'er thy passing form I see, Love;  
Yes! I must feign,—detested art!  
Indifference,—nay, dislike to thee, Love.

If such sentiments as these on the eve of nuptials, do not lead to Doctors' Commons, as straight as Ludgate Hill does from Temple Bar, we know not what will.—The following stanzas are of a better order.

Weep not for the fallen Brave,  
Maiden with dishevelled hair!  
Sleeps he not in Honour's grave?  
Who would not his glory share?

Died he not the Warrior's death?  
(So should heroes wish to die;)  
Heaved he not his parting breath  
In the arms of Victory?

Maiden, check the flowing tear,  
Calm thy bosom's rising sighs,  
Since on Valour's laurel'd bier,  
Envied thus, thy Soldier lies.

Mourn not o'er his early grave,  
Nor thy golden tresses tear;  
Died he not as die the Brave?  
Who would not such glory share!

A Serenade is also deserving of favourable notice; but we have devoted so much of our space to this publication, as to forbid further extract.

### VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

(Captain Tuckey's Narrative continued.)

On the 17th of August our jaded travellers took leave of the Chenoo of Cooloo, and carrying Mr. Tudor in a litter, reached the boats at noon. The scarcity of water and provision on their excursion was aggravated by a similar scarcity of palm wine, the most refreshing and grateful beverage, which two years of drought had occasioned, though every banza and gentleman's town has from 20 to 300 of these trees about it. The natives stated, that every third or fourth year was rainy, and then the river rose higher than during the intermediate period. The banks, so far as the Expedition proceeded, do not offer one tree capable of making a beam or timber for a sloop of war.

The only trees that grow to a large size are the Adansonia and the Bombax (or Wild Cotton,) and the wood of both is spongy and useless; several varieties of evergreens, highly ornamental in their growth and foliage, are however met with in the vallies.

The only appearance of metals is in the ferruginous clay and stones near the river, which the natives grind, and from these form their pots for boiling (their only cooking utensils;) these small stones rounded to the size of a pea, serve them for small shot. Small particles of copper were observed by Dr. Smith in some of the specimens of minerals he collected.

The fish at this height were in general small, and not numerous. Only one large one, apparently of the genus *Murena*, was caught; and the testaceous species were so rare, that but a single shell (*Helix*) was found on the summit of one of the hills near a fishing hut, and but one oyster was dredged up.

On the banks were seen snares for taking beach birds; they consisted of a twig, with a bit of line and noose which caught the bird's neck.

The higher we proceed (says Capt. T.) the fewer European articles the natives possess; the country grass generally forms the

sole clothing of the mass of the people, and gourds are substitutes for glass bottles, or earthen mugs. The women too approach nearer to a state of nudity; their sole clothing being a narrow apron (the breadth of the hand and 18 inches long) before and behind. . . . From every town near to which we passed, they flocked out to look at the white men (*moudele*;) and without any marks of timidity came and shook hands with us. To the best looking, and the best dressed, I distributed some beads. The price paid here, by a native, for a wife of the first class, the Chenoo's daughter for instance, is four pieces of baft, one piece of guinea, and a certain quantity of palm wine. We in no instance since we left Embomma found the men *allant en avant* in their offer of their women; but this our Bomma men told us was from their little intercourse with Europeans, for that any of them would think themselves honoured by surrendering his wife or daughter to a white man.

The population seems to be extremely thin. The largest banza, Cooloo, does not contain above 300 souls, of whom two thirds are women and children. Except a few fishermen on the rocks at the river side, they are all collected into villages. The soil is capable of supporting a great increase. Of the state of Congo the following particulars are given:—

According to our informers, the dominions of Congo extend from below Malemba, cutting the coast and river to Banza N'inga; but how far they extend to the south of the river's mouth, or up it on the south side, we could not learn, but it seems to be considerably higher up the river than Inga. The paramount sovereign is named Lindy, or Blindy N' Congo, and resides at Banza Congo, six days journey in the interior from Tall Trees (on the south side of the river); it has no water communication with the Zaire. Here the Portuguese appear to have a fixed settlement, the natives speaking of their having soldiers and white women. The opposite sides of the river, form two vice-royalties, that on the north being governed by the N' Sandy N' Congo, and the south by N' Cucula Congo, both of whom reside at banzas in the interior. The Chenooships, improperly named kingdoms by Europeans, are hereditary fiefs, passing in the female line; that is, on the decease of the Chenoo, the succession, instead of passing to his son, goes to his brother, or uterine uncle or cousin. On every demise a fresh investiture takes place by the Viceroy's sending a cap (here the mark of all dignity) to the appointed successor; but though it is necessary that the succession should be continued in the family, the Viceroy is not restricted to nearness of kin or primogeniture, but as favour, corruption, or intrigue, operates strongest, the investiture is given. The Chenoo, in his turn, appoints several inferior officers by sending them caps, particularly the Mafook, or Custom-Master, who interferes in



all trading transactions. The Mombella, Macaya, and Mambom, are officers whose respective powers I have not yet been able to ascertain with any certainty. Slavery is here of two kinds, which may be denominated household or domestic, and trading. When a young man is of age to begin the world, his father or guardian gives him the means of purchasing a number of slaves of each sex, in proportion to his quality, from whom he breeds his domestic slaves; and these (though it does not appear that he is bound by any particular law) he never sells or transfers, unless in cases of misbehaviour, when he holds a palaver, at which they are tried and sentenced. These domestic slaves are, however, sometimes pawned for debt, but are always redeemed as soon as possible. The only restraint on the conduct of the owners, towards their domestic slaves, seems to be the fear of their desertion; for if one is badly treated, he runs off, and goes over to the territory of another Chenoo, where he is received by some proprietor of land, which inevitably produces a feud between the people of the two districts. The trading or marketable slaves are those purchased from the itinerant black slave merchants, and are either taken in war, kidnapped, or condemned for crimes; the first two of these classes, however, evidently form the great mass of the exported slaves. ---

The kidnapped victims are the most numerous; but, thank Heaven! this *catching in the bush* is now near its last extremity.

The property which a man dies possessed of, devolves to his brothers or uterine uncles, but prescriptively, as it would appear, for the use of the family of the deceased; for they are bound by custom (which is here tantamount to our written laws) to provide in a proper manner for the wives and children of the deceased; and the wives they may make their own, as in the Mosaic dispensation.

Crimes are punished capitally by decapitation, by gradual amputation of the limbs, by burning, and by drowning. The only capital crimes, however, seem to be poisoning and adultery with the wives of great men. This latter crime, it would appear, being punished in proportion to the rank of the husband. Thus the private man accepts two slaves from the aggressor; but the son of a Chenoo cannot thus compromise his dishonour, but is held bound to kill the aggressor; and if he escapes his pursuit he may take the life of the first relation of the adulterer he meets.

This, it may well be conceived, also leads to endless feuds. Poisoning an equal, is simple decapitation; but if a superior is thus destroyed, all the male relations of the murderer, to the very infants at the breast, are slaughtered. Thefts are punished hap-hazard by the priest, who, after many contortions, fixes on the criminal, and as he decides

by *inspiration*, is much oftener wrong than right. Owing to the frequency of poisoning victims, the person who presents the meal, invariably tastes first, and the host does the same on helping a visitor. Both sexes paint with red ochre; and before a bride is conveyed to her husband, she is smeared with this substance from head to foot. The priest appears to order particular marks of red and white. A sort of itch is prevalent, and several cases of elephantiasis were observed. Another disease the natives ascribed to Portuguese importation. The only game noticed was a kind of drafts named *Lo-oela*, the implements of which are a flat stone 18 inches square, with 16 cavities grooved in it, and a small stone in each cavity.

Little information respecting the upper part of the river, or the country beyond the point to which the Expedition had ascended, could be obtained. All beyond was, according to report, Bushmen's country, where men were kidnapped for slaves, and where there were no towns nor acknowledged form of government. The south shore was represented as the most difficult to penetrate, the Portuguese missions not having taken that direction. Captain Tuckey therefore resolved on attempting to advance by the north bank into the interior; and having sent the boats down to rejoin the Congo, and formed a depot of provisions at Cooloo, he slept there on the 21st of August.

The night scene at this place (says he) requires the pencil to delineate it. In the foreground an immense *Adansonia*, under which our tents are pitched, with the fires of our people throwing a doubtful light over them; before us the lofty and perpendicular hills, which form the south side of Yellala, with its ravines (in which only vegetation is found) on fire, presenting the appearance of the most brilliantly illuminated amphitheatre; and finally, the hoarse noise of the fall, contrasted with the perfect stillness of the night, except when broken by the cry of our sentinels, "All's well," continued to create a sensation to which even our sailors were not indifferent.

Alas, that poetical picture was only the prologue to a woful tragedy; the brave Commander, from whose pen we copy it, was taken ill before morning—but we must not anticipate events: he took some calomel, and was prepared for setting out at daylight. Various vexations however occurred. The inferior officers at Cooloo were exorbitant in their demands for presents, before they would consent to a guide being furnished.

Prince Schi, alias Simmons, deserted with four of the best Embomma porters, having first violated the laws by bargaining with two of the head gentlemen for their wives, for two fathoms per night, which he absconded without paying. All these matters the Captain promised to settle on his return; and, by distributing some brandy, at length, got over his difficulties. A new interpreter, who had been five years in England, was engaged; and by noon the party reached banza Manzy, 9 miles north of Cooloo. Here four fathoms of baft were given for a pig of 15lbs weight; and after all, the people pretended they could not catch him, so that the purchasers were obliged to shoot their bargain. At 4 o'clock they halted in a deep ravine (*Sooloo envonzi*) for the night; a considerable quantity of excellent water remained in the hollows of this vast torrent bed, whose sides were thinly clothed with wood, among which were trees from 80 to 100 feet high, and 18 inches diameter, nearly as hard as oak, and fit for useful purposes. Their route this day was 8 or 12 miles from the river, and more hilly and barren than any they had before gone over.

In the morning they found that they had pitched their tent over a nest of pismires, but though covered with them no person was bitten. The musketoes also abstained from their attacks. At day-light they were roused from their rest "by the discordant concert of a legion of monkeys and parrots chattering, joined with that of a bird named *booliloso* (a crested toucan) having a scream between the bray of an ass and the bleat of a lamb; another resembling the note of a cuckoo, but much hoarser; and another, crying 'Whip poor Will' (a species of goat-sucker.')

Several buffaloes had been to drink at one of the holes in the rock, about 200 yards from one of the tents.

On the 23d, at 7 o'clock, after a breakfast of cocoa, they again marched onward, crossing a most difficult tract of hills and ravines. At 11, they found themselves at an angle of the river, formed by its returning to the S. E.—;

This last reach not appearing to be more than 3 or 4 miles, but entirely filled with rocks, and absolutely, as far as could be judged by the glasses, without the smallest passage or carrying-place for a canoe.

At noon they reached Banza Inga, the Chenoo of which was blind, and the Government in a commission of the



Macaya, Mambom, &c. who immediately assembled a Palaver, to know what white men came there for. Here an appeal was made to force of arms;—but having transgressed our allotted bounds, we must defer the accounts till we arrive at the—

(Continuation, in our next.)

*An Essay on Average; and on other Subjects connected with the Contract of Marine Insurance.* By Robert Stevens, of Lloyd's. royal 8vo. pp. 295.

As it is part of the plan of our miscellany to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*, we do not apologise, especially to our commercial readers, for directing their attention to the work before us. Mr. Stevens has written an elegant, and what is better, a very useful book, on a most dry and untractable subject. There is no branch of commerce at once so intricate and so important as that of Marine Insurance; none that is at the same time so necessary and so difficult to understand. The difficulty of becoming familiar with the laws and practice of insurance, no doubt arises, partly from the nature of the subject, but chiefly from the very few cases, comparatively speaking, which occur within the experience of any one individual, as affecting his own immediate interests. Still, however, when these cases *do* occur, they are generally so important, and so widely extended in their results, that it is exceedingly desirable there should be some distinct principles laid down. It is indispensable, too, that these principles should be founded on existing *data*, that they should arise out of previous and ascertained *practice*, because in many branches of the subject there is nothing *but* previous practice to determine the points that may come in question. As far as our necessarily imperfect knowledge enables us to judge, it appears to us that Mr. Stevens has supplied these *desiderata* as fully as the nature of his work would admit. He seems to be extensively, and what is of more consequence, practically acquainted with his subject; and in many instances, very happily illustrates his positions by hypothetical cases, which he has so contracted, as to bear upon the argument at all its points. He has also supplied a very complete list of reference to all the previous writers on different branches of Marine Insurance, to whom he likewise gives copious marginal indices, whenever they have mentioned the particular case of which he happens to be treating.

If we were disposed to be critical, we might quarrel with the author's style now and then: in such passages as this, in the preface, for example: "the commercial community in general possess much less information on this subject than is required from its importance to their interests." But upon the whole, and especially considering the nature of the subject, the book is well and perspicuously written.

*Memoirs relative to the History of the last Half of the Eighteenth Century.* By Abbé Georgel.

These Memoirs, which have been lately published in two volumes, are the more interesting, as they contain nothing but facts, in which most readers took a lively interest at the time they happened, notwithstanding the veil with which many of them were then covered. The author was a Jesuit, who rose to the rank of French Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, of the Suffragan Bishop of Strasburg, and Vicar-General to the Grand Almoner of France, the Cardinal Prince of Rohan. He was in part personally and actively engaged in the events that he describes, and partly in situations that enabled him to collect the most authentic accounts. As far as we can judge, his work seems to be written with tolerable impartiality and regard to truth. That he, a Jesuit, is not satisfied with the dissolution of the Order, cannot be thought surprising; but he merits praise for having spoken of it with decent composure, and without forgetting the dignity of an historian.

He begins his book with the history of the dissolution of the Order; and as we mean to select some of the most interesting anecdotes, the Jesuits will furnish us also with our first subject.

Who would believe, says he, that the destruction of the Order of the Jesuits in France was chiefly effected by the implacable hatred of a public prostitute, who was first drawn from obscurity by the farmer-general D'Étiolles, who was enchanted by her beauty, and then, in spite of the conjugal ties which bound her to her first benefactor, publicly appeared as the mistress and chief minister of Louis XV. At this elevation, to which she rose by crimes, she swore destruction to the Jesuits, and by secret intrigues continually deepened the abyss into which our Order, that had filled both hemispheres with its glory and its apostolic virtues, was soon precipitated. This thoroughly immoral woman, was immeasurably ambitious. It is a well known fact that without the least personal attachment to Louis XV. she yet, in order to govern him, gave herself up to all the dissipation to which that monarch, who was passionately fond of her, invited her. But she was prudent enough to foresee that her empire would be at an end as soon as the passion of the King should cool, and the sense of religion, which was only lulled asleep, should revive and recal him to his duty, for she had observed that the King's conscience sometimes reproached him, even in the intoxication of pleasure. She considered therefore of means to make her power independent of her personal attractions, or of a change in the sentiments of the King; and as she was well acquainted with his indolence, and particularly with his irresolute, indecisive character, which, notwithstanding a sound natural understanding, rendered him the slave and the tool of his ministers and mistresses, she at length contrived to make her Boudoir, where the King daily re-

paired from inclination and habit, the only meeting place of the ministers, and the centre of all the secrets of the state. Her power was so great, that she appointed and dismissed the ministers at pleasure; the latter saw too, that their whole credit and influence depended entirely on their submission to the will of the mistress, and therefore all their labours were but the execution of the orders which she had given. In this manner Madame de Pompadour reigned in France.

This power and her great wishes, however, did not satisfy her; she desired to fill a place at Court, with which dignity and consideration were united, and by which she would be placed on a level with the most distinguished ladies; in a word, she desired to become lady of honour to the Queen! But however well the King might be inclined to favour this project, it could not possibly be accomplished, unless the Queen herself gave her consent. In order to induce that truly virtuous princess to comply, the Marchioness assumed the mask of piety, and pretended to renounce entirely all familiar intercourse with the King. After having arranged every thing with himself, she caused the doors which led from her apartments to those of the King to be walled up, and publicly declared, that she would take a confessor. She wished to have a Jesuit, for the honour that that order would willingly sacrifice all secondary views to its reputation and the increase of its influence. Father de Sacy was proposed to her; who was an honest man, but had only a moderate share of understanding and talents. She sent for him, and contrived to inspire him with a firm conviction of the sincerity of her conversion. He congratulated her on it, and thanked God for the grace he had shown her. But how much was he astonished and embarrassed, when the Marchioness refused to comply with the only necessary condition which he prescribed to her, if he should become her confessor.

"Without doubt," said he, "you have made every preparation to leave the court, as this must be the first step to remove the scandal that has been given." "How! leave the court!" said she, "have you considered of it? I certainly know all the dangers of the court, and am firmly resolved no longer to follow its principles and its dangerous examples; but is it not much more to the honour of religion when public penance is done for the crime, at the very place where it was committed? If I remain at court, and, with all the external signs of penitence, retain the favour of the King, and great influence, I could employ it for the advantage of religion; and, as the penitent Magdalen poured out sweet-smelling ointment at the feet of our Saviour, I could consecrate all my treasures to the altar of the Lord."

Father de Sacy, notwithstanding his simplicity, perceived the snare that this hypocritical woman laid for him. In order to avoid it, he chose a way by which he however led to the destruction of his Order. He told her that he would immediately go to Paris, to consult the assembled superiors

of the Order upon this case, and speedily return with their decision. This decision was of course soon taken, for there can be no room to deliberate on the application of principles which cannot be departed from. The unanimous opinion was, that she must leave the court. His superiors immediately foresaw the fatal consequences it would have for father de Sacy; they also plainly signified to him, before he carried the answer, how extremely imprudent it was of him to consult all the superiors of the Order upon a point which he ought to have decided himself with evangelical firmness, and without regard to any worldly consideration. Madame de Pompadour fell into a dreadful rage at this decision of the superiors, and vowed revenge. Father de Sacy was immediately dismissed, and learned too late that a woman of this description is incapable of either repentance or forgiveness. He ended his melancholy life in the castle of Zabern in Alsace, where the Cardinal de Rohan, uncle to the Grand Almoner, allowed him to be, after the dissolution of the Order; and I have the whole of the above account from his own mouth.

(To be continued.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR FEBRUARY 1818.

##### Art. I.—*Morrison's Chinese Grammar.*

This work is a new fruit of the indefatigable zeal and laborious activity of the English Missionaries. Desiring to extend the knowledge of a language so useful to their countrymen, they have perceived, that in order to accomplish this object, it was requisite to publish elementary works for the use of students. A happy emulation has arisen between Mr. Marshman and Mr. Morrison; they have each published a grammar, and prepared a dictionary. With this assistance, the servants of the English Company, who desire to acquire some knowledge of the Chinese language, will have advantages which their predecessors did not enjoy. It is to be feared that the same advantages can never be derived from it in Europe, where books printed in the Indies will be always very rare, and considered in some measure as objects of curiosity. (For this reason, and from the small number of our readers who are likely to be interested by the subject, we refrain from entering into any detail respecting this work, which according to M. Remusat is well calculated for acquiring the language of common conversation.)

##### Art. II.—*Annals of French Agriculture,* volumes 67, 68, 69, 70.

This periodical work, which was begun in 1798, and has been continued to this moment, with the exception of a few years, when it was interrupted, contains a valuable collection of treatises, observations, advices, and experiments relative to agriculture.

These four volumes are not less interesting than the former ones. Their chief contents seem to have been suggested, if

we may say so, by the wet summer of 1816. The excessive rains having deteriorated the quality of the grain, two inquiries have been instituted by order of the government: one on the method of making bread of damaged corn, the other on the means of preventing the rot, to which the cattle were exposed under these circumstances. The results of these inquiries, and a valuable collection of information respecting the culture of the potatoe, occupy the 67th and 68th volumes. The 69th and 70th vols. are equally rich in valuable instruction.

##### Art. III.—*Elphinstone's Account of the Kingdom of Caubul.*

This highly valuable work having been published long before we commenced the *Literary Gazette*, must be too well known to our readers to require us to notice at length the critique in the *Journal des Savans*. But as we feel far more pleasure in recording instances of the liberality of French criticism in regard to English literature, than in exposing, as we have sometimes been compelled to do, the malignant carplings of the incurable calumniators of the English name; and as we besides feel just pride in seeing our own favourable opinion of Mr. Elphinstone's work, supported by the high authority of M. Silvestre de Sacy, we beg leave to quote one short passage. Having given a general view of the contents of Mr. E's work, M. de Sacy adds, "The longest extract would give but a very imperfect idea of the richness and interest of the materials which compose the vast picture, of which we have just given a sketch. We shall endeavour to make it known in a second article, by choosing the traits that are best adapted to give a just idea of the nation of the Afghans; but before we finish this article, we think it right to lay before our readers a passage which is truly remarkable, and which cannot fail to inspire the greatest confidence in the author of this work, because it proves with what judgment and what impartiality he has considered and observed the men and the objects which he had to describe." The passage quoted by M. de Sacy is that which commences the second book.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

##### *Original Letter from a Russian Gentleman to his Friends in Germany.*

Though the happy consequences of the late struggle for freedom, in which Europe, roused from its torpor, engaged with the French empire, then at the very summit of its power, are known, I may say, to the whole world; though the war of extermination waged by the two giants from the north and the south, on the icy plains of Russia, is unanimously considered as the basis of the whole edifice of European freedom; yet opi-

nions are still greatly divided respecting the true causes of the annihilation of the formidable French armies in Russia. All, without exception, consider this unparalleled defeat as an immediate effect of a Divine judgment; but many see in the elements the chief dispensers of the Divine justice, and in the nation itself only the subordinate instruments, which in this point of view cannot indeed claim any particular merit for having gathered fruits that were ripened to their hands, under the protection of the elements, ruling, like the Fate of the Greeks, with inexorable severity. But to us it seems more suitable to deduce this great result from psychological reasons, and to assume as the main causes of that event, the moral degeneracy of the military character of the French, their arrogant revelling in the remembrance of past victories, their blind confidence in their delusive successes in the summer of 1812, their contempt of all national propriety; and, on the other side, the approved original character of the Russian nation, its enthusiastic attachment to the sanctuaries of its faith, its heroic enthusiasm thence arising, which risks every thing to save every thing, and grows into deadly hatred of the enemies of the national faith. I am firmly convinced, that as an eye-witness of this gigantic contest, I can allege facts which will justify my conviction, that even if the frost with its destroying breath had not pursued the fugitives (and which in fact did not happen till their army was to be considered as annihilated, in a military point of view, when they were at least as near to the dilapidated remains of their resources as to the smoking ruins of Moscow,) I am convinced, I repeat, that even then a total destruction of the French army, as such, was inevitable. For, proud of their hitherto invariable success, these tyrants thought that their name alone was sufficient to subdue their enemies; they believed themselves exempt from all regard to the rights of nations and to moral conventions; they attacked the Russian nation at the same time, in the field, in its constitution, and in its faith; they pulled down the ancient venerable forms, and the first fruits of the new legislation were disorder, want, and licentiousness; with arrogant effrontery they profaned the sanctuaries of a religion, which, with infant piety, still believes the living God present in his image, and thus authorized the dreadful idea, "These are the enemies of God as well as ours; to destroy them is a holy work, grateful to heaven, whose cause is our own! Whatever we may sacrifice for this object, is sacrificed for ourselves and for heaven, which can make golden harvests rise on fields covered with dead bodies and smoking ruins." Thus arose in the nation the resolution to hazard all, that all might be gained,—that the violation of its dignity, the profanation of its altars, might be avenged. The shepherd sacrificed his flocks, the farmer his harvests; whoever could use a weapon, gave himself and his blood. The Russian cast a fire-brand into his own property, to deprive the

hostile army of all means of subsistence. With confidence he looked upon the ashes that covered his possessions, for from them rose the avenging fury of famine, which lifted her dreadful scourge over the head of the general enemy.

This famine effected, what most people ascribe to the frost; it compelled the fugitives, whom Kutusow's genius drove incessantly before him, to wander from the route, divided into irregular bodies, to seek food in the by-ways, and thus to deliver themselves into the power of the inhabitants, who thirsted for vengeance. Hunger chained the wretches, whose only hope of safety could be found in ceaseless flight, to the corpses of their fallen brethren, and delivered them up, in the midst of their inhuman meal, to the avenging steel of their pursuers. But this famine was not the work of chance, it was the well calculated consequence of a heroic resolution, purchased with the flaming ruins of above a thousand villages, and with the destruction of the ancient and venerated city of the Czars!

I may therefore boldly affirm, that not the blind agency of the elements, but the firm resolution of a heroic people, and their unparalleled sacrifices, were the chief cause of the destruction of an army, from whose graves the general freedom of Europe, has arisen! Is it not more than probable, that this nation, after so many painful sacrifices, would not have spared the last; and that, even if the winter had been as mild as in southern climates, the sword of the Russians would equally have completed the destruction of the French? Certainly, no German will entertain a doubt of it; for the sons of Hermann are now more than ever conscious what a people are capable of, when they enter the lists with the pride of a good cause. And now to enforce my arguments by facts, I will mention two examples which exceed indeed in their horror the limits of human conception, but for the authenticity of which I can vouch, as they were communicated to me by credible eye-witnesses. The two main causes of the great event, namely, the profound moral corruption of the French army, and the burning hatred of the Russian nation to the enemies of God, appear here in their entire horror-inspiring reality; and, if the latter has broken through the bounds of humanity, and changed into cannibal revenge, it is only the more in favour of my assertion. When a people, naturally good-natured and humane, being suddenly attacked in what they held most sacred, could be infuriated to inhuman hatred, no physical obstacles could hinder them from completing their revenge.

The French army already began to spread over the plains of White Russia, and as far as the frontiers of the Province of Smolensko, all the towns and villages situated near the principal roads were inundated by the enemy: the village of Lusskowo alone seem for a time to be exempt from the general distress, being concealed by its situation in the midst of woods and bogs, from

the harpy eyes of the French; but soon the savage cries of rapacious and blood-thirsty soldiers announced to the inhabitants, suspended between hope and fear, that this peaceful asylum was also discovered, and, like all those in the neighbourhood, stood on the list for destruction by the terrible conquerors. The Pope of the village, however, a venerable old man, resolved to meet the enemy with humble submission, and thus to save at least the lives and dwellings of his parishioners. He went to meet the savage crew, holding in his left hand the consecrated chalice with the wafers, and in the right the Crucifix, followed in solemn procession by the elders of the village. The officer who commanded the enemy seemed to be inclined by this submission to treat them mildly; with his soldiers he silently joined the procession, and followed to the church. But here he threw off the mask, and required the priest to deliver up to him the church plate; the latter, shuddering at the proposal, reminded these barbarians of the presence of the Almighty, of the inviolability of the treasures of his sanctuary. He was answered by insolent scoffing and peremptory renewal of the demand: already they seized their axes, to bring to light the concealed treasures; already, with impious hands they tore the rich ornaments from the images of the saints; when the weak old man again takes courage, and with the commanding voice of despair, exclaims, "Brethren, defend and avenge your God, and his profaned temple!"—The country people, inflamed with rage, obedient to the voice of their father, were collecting around him, when a volley of fire-arms laid them low at the very entrance of the sanctuary, and the temple profaners bind the feeble priest upon the altar, and with diabolical ingenuity kill him, by violently forcing open his mouth, and thrusting down his throat the consecrated wafers!—

An aid-de-camp of Prince U. related to me a counterpart to this horrible story, and his narration may serve to shew into what cruelties a national and religious war may degenerate. The corps in which this officer served, belonged to the advanced guard of General Miloradovitch. The French were pursued without intermission, and as in this rapid advance many of the younger and weaker soldiers remained behind from inability to proceed, he was ordered to collect the stragglers, to take them into the country on the side of the route, and deliver them to a depot for the sick. On this march through a country not laid waste, he rode one day into a village near the road to procure something to drink: he observed a well built farm-house and went in. The first objects that caught his eyes, were two Frenchmen, who were sitting at a separate table, and regaling themselves. Being struck with this circumstance, he inquires, and hears with horror the frank account of the farmer: "Yes, Sir, the rascals cost me five roubles; I have bought them of a Bashkir: they were quite starved and miserable; I now fatten them up with the best I have; let them become fully ac-

quainted with the enjoyments of life, then I will put them in confinement, and let them gradually die of hunger—that will be an agreeable funeral offering for my father, whom these profaners of temples have murdered by thousandfold tortures. I would indeed willingly have torn them to pieces when I bought them, but happily recollected that death at that moment would be a relief to them! It is better as it is!"

I lay down the pen which records this dreadful design of an inhuman soul, only adding, that for the honour of my country, this cruelty was not completed; and that, as may be supposed, Lieutenant I. employed his influence to deliver the unhappy victims, and to give the peasant up to justice, that he might be punished as a warning to others, whom savage hatred had rendered barbarous.

#### RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Mr. Stanislaw Siestrzencevitz de Bohleitz, Metropolitan Archbishop of Bohleiw, has published a work in French, under the title of *Recherches Historiques sur l'origine des Sarmates, des Esclavons, et des Slaves*, under the periods of the conversion of these people to Christianity. It is in 4 vols. 8vo. and has three maps and a portrait of the author. Though written in French, and published at St. Petersburg about four years ago, it is hardly known, we believe, to the rest of Europe, which induces us to give some account of it. The author fixes in the year 2143 before the vulgar era, the emigration of two Seythian Bactrian Princes, and their arrival in Cappadocia; in 1514 the passage of the Scythians into Europe, and their settlement near the Borysthenes. In 1475 (still before Christ) the Scythians are attacked in Tauris by Sesostris, and repulse him. Twenty years after, a colony of Medes (*Enetes* or *Slaves*) settle on the shores of the Black Sea. The *Enetes* arrive in Thrace in 1209; in Italy, in 1183. In 380 the Sarmatians pass into Europe, and Scythia takes the name of Sarmatia. From the commencement of the Christian era, the facts and the details become too numerous to be pointed out here. The author introduces them in his first three volumes, without either proving or dismissing them. The quotations contained in the fourth volume, do not consist of transcriptions or illustrations of texts, but merely in references to the author's books and chapters, where we are to find the authorities in support of the narratives or results in the three treatises, on the *Sarmatians*, the *Esclavons*, and the *Slaves*. The *Esclavons* must not be confounded with the *Slaves*. They were neither pure *Slaves* nor pure Sarmatians: their nation, formed by the Yazyk Sarmatians, included many Illyrians, who were *Slaves* by origin. The Greeks translated the name of *Slaves* (praiseworthy) by that of *Enetes* (celebrated), &c. The method followed in this work is not perhaps very strict, but it displays much research, and contains curious data.



## FRENCH LITERATURE.

A new periodical paper, devoted to literary and political discussions, has been spoken of for some time past; and what is very extraordinary to those who know the profound indifference with which publications of this kind are regarded, the one above mentioned was a general subject of conversation, even before it made its appearance. The names of the conductors were mentioned. Among them are several members of the French Academy, and various young writers who nobly follow their footsteps in literature and public affairs.

The first number has just appeared under the title of the *Political and Literary Spectator*. At the head we observe the names of MM. Auger, Lacratelle and Camponon, of the French Academy; Deprez, Droz, Loyson, Pariset, Lourdoueix, &c. The *Spectator* will not be periodical in the strict sense of the word, but in course of the year fifty-two numbers will be published at intervals nearly equal. It is evident that the public have nothing to lose by this arrangement, and that the proprietors have every thing to gain.

The first article, which serves as an introduction to the *Spectator*, is happily selected. It is a sort of dedication to France, an homage to the country, which has the more claims to the respect and love of her children, because she is unfortunate. M. Lacratelle has undertaken to repel the outrages of Lord Stanhope; in the mouth of an Englishman, a member of the English House of Peers, he places the apology of a nation, which daily proves that she can endure any thing except contempt. This first article is entitled, *A Speech which might have been delivered in the British House of Peers, in reply to Lord Stanhope's Speech*.

M. Lacratelle says, that the sentiments of a Frenchman are frequently observable in this Speech; but, he adds, he does not fear being reproached with having yielded too much to this feeling. We can assure him that wherever this Speech might be delivered, it would enjoy over that of his opponent the advantages which reason and true elevation of sentiment maintain in every country over the malignant ideas and unjust prejudices of a mind blinded by passion.

The literary portion of the *Spectator* is not less ably written than the political articles. It comprises a review on the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Epinau*, by M. Auger, which is without contradiction one of the best that ever issued from the pen of that justly celebrated critic.—*French Paper*.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, March 20.—George William Tapps, Esq. of Trinity College, and Mr. Arthur Loftus, of Clare Hall, were on Friday last admitted Bachelors of Arts.

John Lodge, Esq. B. A. of Trinity Coll. is elected a Fellow of Magdalene College.

Mr. John Weller, B. A. of Emmanuel College, was on the 12th inst. elected a Fellow of that Society.

Dr. Bernstein, Professor of Oriental Languages at Berlin, who is travelling under the auspices of the Prussian Government, with the view of obtaining materials for a Syriac Lexicon, which he is about to publish, has been for some time in this University. He has passed the greater part of his time in the public library, employed in the examination and collation of its Oriental MSS. He next visits Oxford, and the other Universities of Europe, which are the most celebrated for their MSS. in Eastern literature. His late publications in that department are spoken of in the highest terms by the Continental Journalists, who rank him among the first Oriental scholars of the day.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

OXFORD, March 21.—Wednesday the 11th instant, the Rev. John Fletcher, of Exeter College, and the Rev. Matthew Arnold, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, M. A. were admitted Bachelors in Divinity; and Mr. Charles Richard Pole, of Oriel College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

Saturday, the last day of Lent Term, the Hon. and Rev. John Evelyn Boscawen, of All Souls' College, was admitted Master of Arts, grand compounder.

The number of Degrees in Lent Term was, One D. D.; One D. C. L.; Ten B. D.; One B. C. L.; Twenty-five M. A.; and Seventeen B. A.—Matriculations Ninety-three.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees on the following days in the ensuing Easter Term, viz. Wednesday, April 1; Thursday 9; Wednesday 22; Wednesday 29; Saturday, May 9.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 8.

CCXLVIII. CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON AT NAIM.—*W. Brockedon*.

As this is the largest picture in the Exhibition, perhaps we should have noticed it first; but as merit does not necessarily pertain to bulk, we have indulged our eye in many lesser delights, as well as many lesser offences, ere we came to this stupendous work. It is, however, incumbent on us to offer our remarks upon it, as the object of the British Institution is to cultivate a school of design, and encourage paintings of the class to which it belongs. But from this picture, and from what we have before seen of this artist, we may premise, that his style is not sufficiently formed, nor his judgment properly matured. Here is certainly too much space occupied to less purpose than we could have wished. The manner is very heavy, and we regret it the more, as the walk which this artist has chosen is of the highest character, and the ascent to fame by this path is steep, hazard-

ous, and uncertain; while there is a promise about Mr. Brockedon, which tempts us to blame more of the present, and expect more of the future, than perhaps in either case we are warranted. With much merit in parts, we lament the general heaviness of the piece, the absence of reflected lights, and the blackness and weight of colour. There is, besides, a want of keeping, as well as of a retiring *fond* to receive the principal group, which we do not know how to separate, as the whole clings together—and the building to the figures: indeed it cuts the picture perpendicularly, and seems to extrude the forms it ought to support. The prostrate bearer in the foreground is well imagined, but wants the anatomical markings, which would not have destroyed the breadth of light. After all, there has been too much pains taken with the architecture, and if we might pun on so solid a subject, we would say that, compared with the figures, the very stones cry out against the painter.

## CCXXXII. CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

*The Same.*

The Christ is deficient in character: the head and countenance are merely lachrymose. The light is however judiciously managed, and the angel is executed with so different a pencil, as to shew that the artist need not be heavy from want of power to be otherwise.

## CLXXVI. ST. PETER'S REPENTANCE.

*The Same.*

This is a sketch for a large picture. The figures are too much scattered, and the hurry and action seem to exclude the effect intended to be produced.—This artist also appears as a sculptor, but we shall perhaps consider these designs altogether.

CCXXIII. VIEW OF A PUBLIC SQUARE AT POMPEII.—*C. Hullmandell*.

This piece of classic ruin is in the purest style of art, rendered interesting by a beautiful play of partial light thrown over the foreground. The pearly tint of the distance gives great value to the stone pillars, and other parts of the subject. There are figures in the middle space, but we think one or two nearer the eye would, by means of more positive colour, have heightened the contrast, and added to the effect of this pleasing little picture.

## XLVII. VIRGIN AND CHILD.

*Douglas Guest.*

Had this picture been painted with the skill of Corregio, we should have had little favour for the subject, which has been multiplied and tortured into every shape, till variety is exhausted. Those which the old masters have left us are quite enough; but for modern artists to attempt adding to the stock! we really hoped better things. As for the goldfinch, if objected to, Mr. Guest can at least quote Guercino.

CCIII. THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—CCXII. A MUSICAL PARTY.—*George Watson*.

The first is evidently a portrait, and therefore *strongly* entitled, to use a phrase of

Mr. Watson's native land. It has, however, a clear, warm tone of colouring; and a little more light thrown over the upper part of the plaid would have prevented the face from appearing a spot. The second is a pleasing group, with a very suitable expression. In the colouring there is too much warmth; and indeed the artist is too flaring in this way; and a little more middle tint, with more grey in the flesh, would greatly improve his pictures. He has another, 'A Pilgrim,' whom we would not go far to see.

XCH. THE FEMALE STUDENTS.—CXV. THE YOUNG BIRD-CATCHER, &c. &c.  
W. S. Watson.

Of the same name, this gentleman paints in the same manner with the foregoing, and has as great a glare of colour, without the merit of his prototype.

Nos. XVII. XVIII. XLII. XLIV. LI. LXXII. LXXIV. LXXIX. CCXLI. and CCLXXI. LANDSCAPES.  
W. Westall, A. R. A.

The smaller sized pictures of this gentleman, who has contributed so many to adorn the gallery, are eminently beautiful. All the piano of art is applied to the softer scenes of nature, and however unobtrusive the style, it can never be overlooked by the lover of painting. But it is not to this quality of sweetness that Mr. Westall's pencil is confined. In the more elevated and sublime forms of nature, he makes a just distinction; we allude to his picture of the Indian Army passing the Ghauts, which was exhibited last year, and even at the height where it is now hung, displays a power of pencilling suited to the wild grandeur of the scene, tremendous and sublime, with the human race, like insects, scattered among the fragments of chaos: such are the forms of lordly man among the organic ruins of nature.

XX. THE SEABOY.—H. Singleton.

Has less of manner than is usual with this artist, and surprises us into a little admiration, or rather curiosity, to guess who painted it.—CXV. CUPID IN A STORM. A last year's picture.—CLV. JOHN HOPKINS, aged 97, the last of Admiral Boscawen's seamen who survived. A head with a great deal of character, and, to employ a horse-dealer's word, one which we might warrant a likeness.—CLXXXVI. A DISPUTE WITH THE FAVOURITE. Also a last year's picture. A portrait of a lady, her dog, and parrot, but which is favourite, &c. we cannot tell. As a subject of portrait variety, it is well enough.—CCV. THE SAILOR'S HOME.—CCXIX. ROSA.—The mannerism of Mr. S. is still observable; but the former is a characteristic scene, and the latter is a sweet little picture of infantine innocence. This artist often starts from mediocrity, and we rejoice to notice his eruptions.

IX. THE ARTIST, a Study.—CCLV. INDEPENDENCE, a Study.—John Partridge.  
The first is tolerably painted and coloured, but with no striking feature. The second

is entirely destitute of the character ascribed to it. A book would have better suited the melancholy contemplative cast of the countenance, than "a gude braid sword."

CCLII. THE BARD.—J. Martin.

Exhibited last year, and we are sorry to say does not fulfil the hope which the admirable picture of Joshua created. The scenery is of the same wild forms, but inferior, and cold in colour, without a gleam to abate the monotony. Yet we trust that this artist does not lack encouragement, for few if any of our school could equal his earlier performance, to which we have alluded. Is it true that men have intervals of genius? if so, we shall rejoice to see Mr. Martin again.

CCLXXIV. ST. CATHERINE.—G. Slous.

It is not hazarding much to say, that had this performance appeared upon an old Italian canvas, accompanied by the stretching frame and suitable nails, it would have attracted the attention of half the connoisseurs, or, by way of amendment, for we don't wish to offend, all the half connoisseurs in the country. But seriously, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the works of this artist, of whom we know nothing but that this is an exceedingly clever piece. By it we are taken back to a school and style very remote; with superadded graces, by no means common to that period. We do not affect to depreciate the excellence of the old masters, but we have no prejudice for their faults and blemishes. Common sense, like Ithuriel's spear, when applied to many of them, would soon dispel the ideas of their exaggerated beauties. We have so many instances of the fallacy of judgment in what regards old paintings, and the skill with which they are imitated, that we can only wonder at the repetition of the folly. One instance we select for the benefit of those whom it may concern; to wind up these remarks, and without reference to Mr. Slous, of whose skill we have a high opinion, and who has honourably shewn, with his name to it, what could be done in this way, if the temptation were enough to seduce an able artist from the nobler aim.

Mignard, who lived in the reign of Louis XIV. and contemporary with Le Brun, was the principal portrait painter of that day, and occasionally exercised himself in works of imagination. He also displayed a talent for imitation. In this way he once made Guido his model, and shewed his performance to a celebrated connoisseur of his acquaintance, who taking it for an original picture of the master, expressed a great desire to possess it, requesting that he might consult Le Brun on its authenticity. Le Brun pronounced it to be an original, and the purchase was accordingly made; but the artist having no intention to pocket the money, disclosed the deception, and rubbing off part of the colour, shewed the red cap of a cardinal, whose old portrait he had employed to aid his purpose. Le Brun came in for his share of the *hoax*, and only escaped by his sarcastic reply, "Let him always paint Guido, and never Mignard!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## VERSES

*Written in imitation of Cowper's "On the Loss of the Royal George."*

Toll for the Brave!  
The Brave that are no more,  
They sunk into a grave  
Far from their native shore.  
Against a powerful foe  
The brave for freedom fought:  
They tyranny laid low,  
Peace with their blood they bought.

Let Europe then proclaim  
Their glorious bequest,  
Who in this field of fame,  
Now silent—sleep in rest.

The battle was begun  
With morning's dawning ray,  
And closed as the Sun  
Forsook that fatal day!

The dreadful work begun  
At morn,—at eve the same—  
The Battle! yes we won—  
But bloody was the game.

For through that long day, Death  
Unceasing raged around;  
How oft stopped youthful breath,  
And struck strength to the ground.

It raged fierce and long,  
The conflict was severe;  
Napoleon's force was strong,  
But British strength was there.

Well we sustained the field,  
Fair Waterloo may boast;  
Our foes were forced to yield,  
Napoleon's fame was lost.

Nor was the carnage o'er  
When Britons had subdued,  
The Prussians—gorged with gore—  
The field with dead they strewed.

Their sufferings they repaid  
With keen, unmitigated rage,  
Their hands no pity staid,  
Their swords grim Death did wage.

Yet Britain long must mourn  
The numbers that were slain  
Of her dear Sons—Oh! turn,  
And weep and grieve again.

Toll! toll for the Brave,  
The brave that are no more,  
They bled—that they might save,—  
They died—but now 'tis o'er!

King's Lynn, Norfolk.

K. V.

## A BALLAD FRAGMENT.

*Written on a recent Shipwreck on the Scottish Coast.*

A weird I read, a weird I read, a weird I read to thee,  
That ere you see the morning dawn, a widow you shall be:  
Now she got up and cross'd herself, and bended low her knee;  
What voice was that I heard just now, of sad portent to me?

The lee lang night she sigh'd and pray'd, while  
the tear blinded her ee,  
Ye blessed Saints! oh! shield my love, that nae  
ill may him dree.

A bonny bark sails the Westland wave  
With all her gallant crew:—

But that wave which dances merrily;  
And plays aneath their stem,  
Its emerald swirl and foamy fringe will be  
A winding sheet to them.  
The Sprite of the storm in his cavern howles,  
As he sits by the roaring main,  
The Sprite of the sea in anger growles,  
As he's driven back again;  
The dark clouds gather like sulphur smoke,  
The pale fac'd moon they skreen;  
The waves arise as they'd touch the skies,  
And the fire-bolt flies between;  
The mermaid sits on the dark black rock,  
Amidst the spumy sea,  
And aye she screams by the lightning's gleams,  
This dowry and sad dirgie:  
"A weird I read, a weird I read, a weird I read  
to thee,  
That lang ere the sun blink frae the East,  
There's many shall stay with me."

As the steed bears down the martial spear,  
The bark she stemm'd the sea,  
But the wave o'er her broke  
With many a shock,  
As she strove for the masterie.  
Where the black rock's head o'erlops the wave,  
Where sits the Sea Sprite's form,  
The bark she sinks in the whirling gulph,  
And their screams die away in the storm.  
Lang lang may Mary for Ronald look,  
As she paces the sand-girt shore,  
The merry green Spring will return again,  
But she'll nee see Ronald more.

Lee lang, long long.—Dree, happen.  
Dirgie, dirge.—Dowry, mournful.  
Blink, shine.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW DRAMA OF  
ROB ROY THE GREGARACH.

Spoken by Mrs. Knight.

When the Sun marches in his mid-day height,  
And Earth, Air, Water, Heaven, all are bright,  
And the white clouds that breathe their forms on  
high,  
Float o'er his light, like the thin drapery  
That modest beauty flings o'er Beauty's face,  
Not to conceal, but lend a charm to grace,  
All is thus warm and glorious to the view,  
For 'tis the Sun that gives the golden hue;  
But change the hour, and let the Moon's pale  
beam  
O'er the same spot of Earth in silence gleam,  
The fields look dark, the drooping flowers weep,  
And Ocean's sapphire waves in darkness sleep—  
The scene is still the same, but chang'd the hour,  
And ah! too soon is chang'd the guiding power:—  
'Tis thus the mighty one, the still unknown,  
With genius on Macgregor's story shone,  
That in the telling made their deeds his own.  
Macgregor's still the Hero of our tale,  
The scene's the same, but half its glories fail.  
A different light must lend a different hue,  
And scatter different shadows to the view.  
DIANA VERNON, once of nought afraid,  
Is now a timid, self-retiring maid;

HELEN, more great in virtue, and in crimes,  
Stands like a granite in the shock of times;  
And more is broken from the Novel's scene,  
Like ruins, telling of the things have been:  
Be gentle, friends, nor with too rude a blow  
Crush a young plant, that, suffer'd still to grow,  
May live in one and not far distant hour,  
To offer to your hand a sweeter flower.  
Oh! might my voice—but 'twere unfit, reveal  
The pangs your Poet now is doom'd to feel:  
His doubts, his hopes, his agony of fear,  
Long sleepless nights—and sometimes too the  
tear  
That manhood wears, and yet disdains to wear.  
If, but Oh, no!—for you have ever been  
The generous patrons of his mimic scene.  
Forgive his doubts, and, if he be to blame,  
His wish to please you well may share the shame.  
'Tis true his toil has woven, but a wren's  
Of flow'rets springing wildly on the heath,  
Yet gratitude's fair blossoms now bind  
The humble gift for your acceptance twin'd;  
And should your kindness deign to wear one  
flower  
Of all his care has cul'd in weary hour,  
With grateful heart, ere dies the circling year,  
He hopes to bring his votive offering here.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

EXTRACT FROM "A WALK TO SYRACUSE,"  
IN 1802.

Padua—Livy's Monument—His extinct  
Works.

Nine days had I paced the streets of  
Venice. I had reached it at night, and left  
it at night too, by favour of the *Corriere*.  
I had plenty of companions; and we were  
huddled together like the Greeks in the  
Trojan Horse. The weather was by no  
means auspicious, and kept us from eight  
in the evening till the following noon on  
the trip from Venice to Padua. That part  
of its course which runs along the Brenta,  
is reputed to be extremely pleasant; but  
the floods had made such terrible havoc  
among the roads throughout the upper part  
of Italy, as to present a miserable prospect;  
nor did I feel particularly vexed to enjoy  
the comforts of shelter against the stormy  
elements, in exchange for fine scenery.  
On our reaching Padua the weather moder-  
ated. The conversation which passed be-  
tween us on board the vessel was motley  
and laconic, like the company that bore  
part in it; but not a single topic escaped  
from our lips which had the most distant  
allusion to politics.

After dispatching my meal, I shouldered  
my knapsack, and resolved on paying my  
respects to St. Antony before I took leave  
of Padua. A Cicerone was instantly at my  
elbow, shewed me the way, and assured me,  
that however illavoured an appearance my  
pedestrian equipment gave me, I might  
roam unmolested wherever I chose. This  
was acceptable tidings to me; and I turned  
myself about in every part of the Gothic  
Cathedral, grotesque as my accoutrement  
was, with all that devoutness which is a  
debt we owe to the superstition of the

vulgar. Two more Ciceroni forced them-  
selves into my service whilst I was in the  
Cathedral, and deified my utmost efforts to  
get rid of them; they were much better  
clad than myself, and introduced me to all  
the wonders of the pile with dueunction;  
in the end I had the honour to fee the whole  
trio. From thence I went in search of  
Livy's monument, of which not one of my  
three guides had the remotest knowledge.  
It is impossible he should be in any great  
repute in his native town; for I accosted  
three gentlemen, whose habiliments bespoke  
them of no mean rank, one after the other,  
but none of them could give me the least  
information either about Livy or his monu-  
ment; yet two of them spoke French with  
much fluency. At last a greyheaded octo-  
genarian directed me to the townhall, where  
it is erected. I paced from one end of the  
immense hall to the other with prying eyes,  
and addressed a bystander, whose linea-  
ments had some literary points about them,  
in the Latin tongue. He answered me in  
Italian; said that he had formerly learned  
a little Latin, but had at that time quite  
lost it, and observed, that mine was too  
antique for him, he could not comprehend  
a syllable of it. He referred me to another  
person, who was sitting with a book in one  
corner of the hall. This last rose from his  
seat, and very politely shewed me the  
ancient stone, which stood over the entrance  
to one of the offices. The inscription it  
bears cannot fail to be familiar to the  
reader; it says nothing more, but that the  
people of Padua have erected this stone to  
the memory of their fellow-citizen, Livy.  
It was too far out of my track for me to go  
and see the splendid modern monument,  
which the late Venetian senate, conjointly  
with the Paduans, have set up in remem-  
brance of him; besides, I was anxious to  
be that very evening trudging along the  
road to Battaglia. On going away, the  
Paduan had the kindness to say to me,  
"*Gratias tibi habemus pro tua in nostrum  
popularem observantia. Eris nobis cum  
multis aliis testimonio, quantopere noster  
Livius apud externos merito colatur. Valeas,  
nostrumque civem ames ac nobis favcas.*"  
The speaker delivered this with a cordiality,  
and a tone of classical impressiveness, which  
sat admirably upon him.

Thus did I bid Livy farewell; but my  
head was still full of him as I passed through  
his ancient birth-place into that classical  
region, which was once the parent of so  
many great men. You know that I am not  
a *litterato*; though you can remember, that  
from my school-days of yore I have still  
felt great delight in being now and then  
enabled to read an old Mentor in his own  
tongue. Livy was always a favourite of  
mine, though Thucydides is my greater  
idol still. For the ten-thousandth time,  
probably, I repeat the common lament,  
that the world is no longer possessed of the  
whole of this historian; nay, I am ready to  
forgive the noise, rash and extravagant as  
it was, which was excited here and there  
some time back, by the tidings of the re-  
covery of our author. One thought links



inself with another, and I have a strange idea, that scarcely a chance is left, we shall ever be in possession of Livy complete again. This is doubtless to be deplored; for it is unfortunately the most important periods of Roman history which have been snatched from us,—those which concern public rites, and the knowledge of man, and treat of the war of the slaves, and the events of the triumvirates;—subjects which must have undoubtedly exhibited the genius and independent spirit of Livy in their fullest play: but of what use is complaining?—I account for the loss in this manner. I cannot for one moment conceive it to have arisen from accident or neglect. Livy was a bold, determined, and independent man; he was a warm patriot, and an idolizer of liberty, as indeed all his fellow-citizens evinced themselves, with no little effect, during the last disturbances in Rome, under the government of the Triumvirate; he was an open foe to despotism. Augustus himself, on whom Roman sycophancy was base enough to bestow so noble a name, with the refined affectation of moderation, put on by tyrants, simply called him a Pompeian. The House of the Cæsars then reigned paramount; no one is unacquainted with the blessed descendants of that line; they were bad enough, if they were only half as bad as history has depicted them. You will be at no loss to conceive that the Cæsars would not designedly require that such a work as Livy's History should see broad day-light. Nay, from some passages in Tacitus, it appears to me extremely probable that they used their utmost endeavours to suppress it; or, at least, those parts of it in which Roman aristocracy and the tyranny of the Cæsars must naturally have been drawn in the most glaring colours. To these belong the war of the slaves, and the termination of the civil wars particularly. It was a work too of great extent, and few could be possessed of the means of obtaining a complete transcript of it. Hence it is probable that all of them found they would best consult their own safety and interests, by not having those passages in their possession, whence, from the suspicious and sanguinary character of their rulers, they might readily entail on themselves the most frightful consequences. In this manner may the most valuable portion of Livy be said, not so much to have been lost, as to have been destroyed; and when the Arabic translation was set on foot, his history was probably just as much mutilated as is our own copy of it. This is my view of the subject. — I shall be happy if I prove to be in error; for I would willingly perform three pedestrian pilgrimages, from the Elbe to the Liris, if I could but peruse Livy's portraiture of Spartacus, whom I am in danger of esteeming one of the greatest, as well as one of the best, of Roman leaders.

With such thoughts as these, the merits of which I leave to your contemplation, I pursued my course on the road to Rovigo.

S.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### PORTRAIT OF

ANNA GERMAINE DE STAEL NECKER.

BY MADAME FREDERICA BRUN.\*

Having delivered our own opinion of this celebrated female, and, more recently, reviewed her "Life of M. Necker," we do not yet conceive that our readers will be displeased with the following curious production, which has an animation and Germanic manner about it likely to attract attention, and amuse.

Natura la fece e poi ruppe la Stampa.

ARIOSTO.

While my hand is preparing to add this great image to the sad gallery of my melancholy recollections, tears overflow my eye, and doubts fill my mind! I am forced to say to myself repeatedly, "She is gone!" The most brilliant representative † of life in all its relations, in all its forms, has left it—the brightest star in the firmament of my sex is set! She who acknowledged only one season in life, the summer-like spring, has prolonged it by all the charms of her character, to the greatest possible duration, and has sunk into slumber without beholding the dreaded winter!

To me remains thy image, and the echo of thy existence! The first, ah too easily vanishing into shade, I will endeavour to hold fast, to sketch it with bold and free characters—free and bold as thyself! The latter thrills through all the pulses of my sensation, immortal like thee, in the sanctuary of my bosom; no time will be able to still it, till it sounds again in harmony with thee, in the great day when we shall meet to part no more.

I will not disguise thy mortal weaknesses and imperfections—who was ever free from them? But it is the prerogative of great minds, that we can freely mention what made them resemble others, without placing them on a level with those insignificant beings, whom we must fear to deprive of every thing, if we allow that they have weaknesses.

She was of a middling female stature, rather corpulent, and strong limbed, but without being heavy. She could hardly be called well made, as the right shoulder was rather larger than the left, ‡ the neck short, and the nape rather high. Her head had by no means the oval outline, which is the first requisite of a beautiful form; it was quite round, and I have seldom seen a head flatter behind; the forehead too, which was low, almost pressed in over the root

\* Sister to the Rev. Dr. Munter, Bishop of Copenhagen, and author of several highly esteemed works in German.

† This, and other substantives in the original, being of the feminine gender, lose much of their force and expression in the translation.

‡ Perhaps from having written too much when young, for means were employed to remedy the defect when she was only ten years of age. In front, one did not at all perceive it.

of the nose, did not announce the *lofty soul* that dwelt therein; but above the eyes (those glorious eyes, the most splendid assertors of its presence!) the organs of the penetrative faculty, were powerfully marked. The nose was one of those which become idealised in half profile, one knows not how, though in front they appear too short. The mouth large, the upper lip elevated; the teeth, which were white and large, were always visible. The chin short, round, but not falling back. The hair black, short, distributed on the head in strong natural curls; the face of a very brown complexion, and the skin of it remarkably rough. §

The breast and neck were well formed, and of dazzling whiteness; the arms full, but well made, and delicately fair: the hands not small, but, down to the nails and finger ends, well formed, and every motion of them full of expression. Her feet were not small, but well proportioned; she walked well, and trod with dignity.

But her eye! her eye! though nothing of what the Italians call *incassatura* near or above it, was beautiful—though, in a word, it did not inhabit a beautiful house, yet it was (as in the whole body, the lovely inhabitant the soul) in and of itself so great, so darkly beautiful, so deep, so radiant with every intellectual light, so beaming with sensibility and goodness! so inexpressibly engaging was its sincere and cordial expression, that its look immediately attracted again, and encouraged those who had shrunk, dazzled by its splendor. About the mouth too, the traces of ingenuous goodnature were evidently predominant, though the most delicate wit played around it.

Es hätt' ihr witz auch lippen ohne rosen  
Belieb gemacht; ein witz, dein's nie an kraft  
gebrach,

WIELAND.

Her wit would have made even lips without roses lovely; a wit which never wanted power to sting or to caress.

When these lips opened, when in the silver tones of an organ, such as I have never known but hers, || at once powerful and pleasing, all the beams of her genius flowed in harmony—when a manner of speaking, quite her own, for its energy and grace, combined with a copiousness and novelty of ideas (still more peculiar to her) poured at once clear and strong, like a silver stream,—when, while she enchanted all, she, however, always particularly affected (and often wished to affect) some favourite object; ah! who did not then forget

§ Probably from the use of rouge; for I know that in her early youth she had a fine clear complexion. I first saw her in 1801, and last in 1806.

|| A great deal has been said on this subject: her pronunciation and accentuation were clear; and she spoke like a person who is used to see "people unwilling to lose a word of what is spoken." But she never had the piercing tone of violent or eloquent women, but a pure silver sound, and modulations of the voice in speaking, that were peculiar to herself.

how far she was from being beautiful, or in whose eyes did she not then appear so?

Her gait and her whole carriage had in them something bold and triumphant, with which one was struck one knew not how, and which, without further reflection, one considered as belonging to her, and liked to see.

I have never known a more open-hearted being; she was so even to *etourderie*, for herself and others. But though her strength of mind was too great, her will too firm, for her not to be able to be silent and reserved out of prudence, yet the frankness of her nature always appeared, and she had the most difficulty in concealing her own weaknesses; for she was utterly unable to dissemble.

Every thought kindled into flame, every sentiment flashed like lightning; and so the most powerful of all, love! It was ever again new, profound, painful, thrilling through the innermost sources of life; and her generous nature was always a stranger to cold coquetry. She required to be loved by those whom she loved; and this happened, if she suffered the resistless attractions of her nature to operate, always first with minds susceptible of loftier feelings; and the sentiments of love, admiration, and friendship for her, blended so together, that it was often difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Who that had a living heart in his bosom, could remain cold for her? But though easily kindled, she always loved anew, and with equal violence; *her heart was faithful*, and, when passion was no more, a warmly active and tender friendship remained, as a faithful household deity upon its extinguished altar.

She was worthy of every kind of confidence; this is saying much; and in her diversified relations, applicable only to so great a heart as hers. But was not this noble heart the seat of every generous feeling honourable to man? She was unable to hate, except upon principle, as she, for example, hated Buonaparte; and nobody more readily pardoned personal offences. Though her wit was sharp and penetrating, it was without bitterness, and was directed in preference against thoughtless falsehood, and its concomitant hardness of heart, which is often concealed under the most pleasing forms, and is the favourite vice of the great world.

The weaknesses of others she bore smiling, and with all the indulgence of conscious superiority, but without making it felt, which was what gave such a tone of goodhumour to the circle in which she lived. Sound in mind and body, she had neither peculiarities nor habits, and every thing in and around her moved with freedom and ease in its natural course. But false pretensions could not indeed pass current, where every thing beamed with light.

I have more than once seen her forgive injuries, while the wounds inflicted by them were still bleeding; but to do good to her enemies was quite natural to her, and cost her magnanimity nothing.

She was desirous both of honour and of

praise, and denied neither; but she willingly acknowledged the merit of others, and with sweetly eloquent lips, and from the bottom of her soul, bestowed the praise which she was so delighted to receive.\* But above all, her heart, her mind, her soul, thirsted for love! and though this feeling, veiled in earthly imperfection, and predominant in her, was the cause of all her sufferings, and in the end the occasion of her premature death,† yet its ardent source was in her pure, and *purifying* for every one whom her all-powerful feeling drew into its enchanted circle! All were exalted, and became better, as long as she ruled in them; but never did the failings and weaknesses of a beloved object re-act upon her; and while she raised it to her own level, she never degraded herself. For this reason, after more intimate ties were dissolved, the highest esteem, and the most devoted friendship for her, always remained, where a warmer feeling had once prevailed.‡

To speak of the extent of her intellectual powers would be useless. She has given the most splendid proofs of them, both to her contemporaries and posterity; and her posthumous writings will perhaps shew them in still greater lustre. So much is certain; never did a mightier spirit appear in a female form! and that truly manly comprehensiveness, that precision of thought which is so rare in women, united with the most lively imagination, the most rapid facility of perception, and the profoundest sensibility, gave to her intellectual effusions the overflowing energy, the enchanting grace, which were peculiar to her, and that colloquial eloquence of which she was the only example.||

Though I refrain from speaking of her character and influence as an author, which will not fail to be duly appreciated, I cannot, as a German, wholly pass over what so particularly distinguished her as a French woman: I mean her love of Germany, and her esteem for our literature. Her work on this subject gives irrefragable proofs of this; and never has a foreign writer appreciated it more highly, and more deeply and purely felt its spirit.§

\* *A present louez-moi, cela fait si bien*, she exclaimed to me (after having charmed me in the character of Phœdra) when I went to her in the little dressing-room attached to the mean theatre (hastily put together in the loft of a house at Geneva) which her genius transformed into a temple.

† When she concealed her marriage with M. Rocca of Geneva (and of course the consequences of it) not sparing her health, and bearing all the pain of a secret passion, when she soon after saw the beloved object of it threatened with an incurable disorder of the lungs, which has since terminated his life.

‡ This is *precious sentimental morality*! —Ed.

|| A common friend told me, that when she was a child of ten or eleven years of age, he had seen a ball interrupted, because all the dancers, attracted by the voice of the animated little speaker, had crowded around her in a three-fold circle.

§ Villers and Degerando included; the former

And from those who knew her intimately, the reason could not be long concealed. She sought and found in it the true home of her soul, whose mighty pinions had long beaten against the narrow bars of her own, and which the daring flight of *her* language had long since partly broken through; she alone first laid open to the other cultivated nations of Europe, the extent, the copiousness, the depth of the German literature; and though this great undertaking of a foreign writer could hardly be free from faults, yet what she has performed in her work upon Germany is astonishing; and it is almost a miracle that she was so seldom mistaken. Every page bears evidence of the purest intention, and of a mind congenial with the highest minds of Germany, and she has rendered it impossible for other nations to continue in *all the innocence of ignorance*, to be strangers to the great services which Germany has done to advance the improvement of the human mind, if they should still think fit not to acknowledge it. She loved Germany! She considered it as the heart of Europe, and powerfully contributed to its deliverance.\*

The whole art of social intercourse was never exercised in a higher degree than by her; for as she easily and with certainty penetrated the character of every individual, she knew how to put every one in his proper place, and in conversation developed in many, more than they gave themselves credit for: she did not do this merely to please; her good heart willingly spared every one a painful feeling, and every body left her more cheerful, and with increased self-confidence.

Nothing narrow, little, or false, could thrive in her circle, and the most perfect freedom of mind reigned there. The most various opinions were expressed and maintained, with passion, with warmth, every advantage made use of to enforce them, and the one did not spare the other! But so powerful was the example of her perfect ingenuousness, and frank good-nature, that the roughest minds were softened by intercourse with her, and all malice was banished from her circle; so that those who after a bitter and unsparring contest, laid themselves down under her roof, generally saluted each other as friends the following morning.

And how did she love her friends! How did she bear with their weaknesses, and not seldom their perverseness and arrogance? † How many a repentant look may fall upon her grave! How many a heart, which forced tears of blood from hers, may

died too soon for the world and for his friends; but why does the noble Degerando speak no more for the glory of Germany?

\* When she lost her second son in so melancholy a manner in the beginning of 1813, she wrote to me from London. "Ah, s'il avait péri en combattant pour la liberté de l'Allemagne, j'aurais la moitié moins de douleurs!"

† To her might be applied what she once wrote to a female friend, "Vous soignez vos amis dans leurs défauts comme dans leurs qualités."

melt in remorse over her tomb! for alas! she has made many ingrates!

How sacred was affliction in her eyes! How did she spare the feelings of others! How entirely had this great heart embraced the whole circle of human sorrows and sufferings! With what unparalleled tenderness, unattainable by inferior souls, did she share those afflictions particularly, which are caused by imagination acting too much in real life, and the sharpness of whose sting she had herself felt but too severely.

What a daughter she was, the world knows: what a mother? Ah, the tears of her noble-minded children will long bear testimony!

I need scarcely add, to complete the portrait of such a character, that she was the kindest, the most generous mistress of a family; charitable to the poor, and adored by all who belonged to her. But the delicacy with which she exercised secret benevolence,—the feeling manner in which she divined distress, and often generously relieved it, before it revealed itself to her, belong to a complete picture of this lovely and good soul.

And she has left us! Happy that she did not see old age, which she dreaded; she has fallen in the fullness of her glory! the great soul has set in beams of radiance! for death, to which the most animated of all beings looked with shuddering, she did not behold. In calm natural sleep, (alas, after long and bitter sufferings) she sunk without pain in mortal slumber! Oh! well did she deserve to have the path of death made smooth for her, who had smoothed for so many the path of life!

"No farther seek her merits to disclose  
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode:  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of her father and her God!"

On Saturday last died, at her house in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, in her 27th year, the Honourable Miss HAWKE, a lady eminently distinguished by her many amiable qualities, superior literary attainments, and above all, by her ardent devotion to religion, laudably evinced at an early period of her life, in her excellent poem of *Babylon*, &c.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE re-opened after the holidays with a tasteful and brilliant gas Chandelier,\* and the audience part altogether lighted in a manner superior to any Theatre we have yet seen. The Chinese ornaments introduced into the saloon at the beginning of the season have also been removed. As we never considered these novelties an improvement, and as they have perhaps answered all the attractive purposes calculated upon them, we do not regret their disappearance, and the restoration of the

handsome room, which they occupied, to its ancient state.

During the holiday week *John Bull* was advertised, with the principal part of Peregrine left out of the characters. We imagined that some imitation was intended of the Country Theatre, which gave out Hamlet with, for that night, the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted, owing to the illness of a performer; but found on taking a peep at the piece, that Peregrine made a very tolerable figure in the person of Mr. Powell. Obi succeeded: It is a pity that part of its representatives are engaged at other theatres, as it is too much to require at one of the first public places, that we should wait for a Mime half an hour, while he is entertaining the audience at Sadler's Wells, and after all have to put up with a bungling and disjointed substitution.

The *Beggar's Opera* is very aptly made a standard piece at this house: but even in this the want of system is felt, and on Tuesday *Know your own Mind* was rather satirically produced instead of the opera previously announced.

ROB ROY, or THE GREGARACH, was miraculously performed on Wednesday, the night for which it was originally appointed. It is rather a serious romantic piece, and differs widely from the Novel, whence its appellation is borrowed. The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone (Mr. Rae) is about to marry Diana Vernon (Miss Smithson,) who is commanded by her father, General Vernon (Mr. Bengough,) to accept his proffered hand, though the young lady herself is most averse to the proposed union. The General marches against Rob Roy (Mr. H. Johnston,) and it is in his absence that the marriage is to be solemnized. When at the altar Diana is snatched from Rashleigh by Rob Roy, who is the object of her love. The General, ensnared by Dougal (Mr. Wallack,) is made prisoner by Helen Macgregor (Mrs. Glover,) the mother of the outlaw, and is about to be sacrificed to her fury, when the Seer Morrygn (Mr. Holland) interposes to save him, and in the end he is restored to liberty. Helen, on learning that her son, Rob Roy, has made Diana Vernon his wife, indignantly urges him to cast her off. He refuses, and she leaves him, threatening vengeance. The outlaw is entrapped to leave his wife to the care of his clansman Dougal. Helen succeeds in separating Diana from her protector, and conducts her to a cemetery, where he compels her to swallow what she believes to be a deadly poison, which she had procured from Morrygn. Rob Roy becomes a captive to Sir Rashleigh. He escapes; is overtaken by Sir Rashleigh; a fight ensues; the latter is conquered, and death rewards a treacherous attempt on the life of the victor. Helen falls the victim of remorse and lightning, and Diana revives in due time and is restored to Rob Roy, his pardon having been previously procured by the General, who has become reconciled to their union. Instead of Andrew Fairser-vice, there is a Yorkshire servant (Mr.

Knight,) somewhat comic; some singing for Mrs. Bland, and some fencing and pantomime, as usual, for the other performers.

With considerable strength in the drawing, and much of what is called stage effect in the execution, this play is nevertheless little calculated to become a lasting favourite. To those who have read Rob Roy (the Novel,) and those who have seen Rob Roy (the Opera at Covent Garden,) it seems incongruous, from the alterations made in the characters—for these, so popular has the original work been, have acquired a species of historical consistency, to depart from which in any material degree is dangerous. To others, and they are few in number, who have neither read nor seen Rob Roy, there is yet a jumble in the present drama, which renders it difficult and inexplicable. The characters though, as we have said, well, are not locally well drawn. With the exception of Dougal there is not a highlandman in the piece; the rest are heroes, or men of any clime or country. The scenery is like the dialogue, a mixture of trees and shrubs of every region, as the latter is a mixture of ideas and tongues of every people. Rob Roy tells Dougal that his head shall answer for his fidelity: This is the threat of an eastern Sultan, not of a Highland chieftain;—from whose lips nothing could be more unnatural, for he never suspects the devoted attachment of his clan. In short, there are so many blemishes of this kind, that it is evident the author has written more from the contemplation of the stage, which is but an imitation of real life, than from real life itself; thus sacrificing the higher rank to which a dramatist may aspire. Dougal is indeed the sheet-anchor of the play, and Wallack deserves much praise for his forcible delineation of a part which, to be well acted, required not only all the energy and talent which he usually displays, but a studious conquest over an idiom which must have offered many obstacles before he overcame it even so much as he has done. His broad Scots accent came as glibly from his tongue as his tartans hung imposingly on his person. It is curious to remark, that he seemed less acquainted with his own name than with any other word he pronounced;—calling himself *Dew-gal* instead of *Doo-gal*. His acting was, however, vigorous and excellent; so excellent, that it sunk *The Macgregor*, even in the hands of H. Johnston, into insignificance. Mrs. Glover's character is not a pleasing one, and affords little scope for her abilities. Death by lightning is not dramatic,—it is impossible for an audience to know the catastrophe. Miss Smithson's Diana Vernon is a very poor performance of a very poor character. Rob Roy himself is *be-female-ized* into half a coxcomb, half a warrior—a pale-faced, whining, ranting, stage-hero. By a droll ocular deception, when he came upon the boards first, we thought that his costume was adapted to the Novel, which paints his bare limbs as covered with red hair like a highland bull, but on changing our line of vi-

\* It is ostentatiously spelt Chandelier in the Bills and Theatrical announcements, as if arrogance were inseparable from ignorance.



sion a little, we found it was only the whiskers of a noble manager in the orchestra, between us and the lamps, which had betrayed us into this mistake. We were sorry to lose so fine an effect. The other characters are all common-place or out of place. On the second night the house was by no means full, and we anticipate nothing beyond a lingering existence to this version of *The Gregorach*.

A book of songs was sold at the Theatre; but other songs were sung!!

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Some slight alterations were made about the orchestra of this theatre, which during the recess partially receded under the stage, adding more room to the pit. Gas front-lights are also introduced. The very pleasing play of *Rob Roy* has been the nightly attraction, till last night, and continues, as we foresaw it would, to merit an increase of public applause, as the performers mellow in their parts, and the whole works smoothly in unison. This theatre is now admirably heated and ventilated on the plan of Mr. Chabanes.

#### MINOR THEATRES.

The Summer Theatres opened as usual on Easter Monday. First, The ROYAL CIRCUS and SUNNYS, renewed under the brush of the painter, with a serio-comic ballet, called *Florio and Rosa*; a very good burlesque founded on the novel and called *Sir Lancelot Greaves*; and a melo-drama, entitled *The Three Talismans*. As we intend shortly taking a review of the minor places of amusement, we shall now confine ourselves to the mere notice, and thus arrive at, — Second, ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, ASTLEY'S, also gaily beautified, and with a new and original proscenium contrived to be diminished and enlarged at pleasure. The horsemanship upheld its reputation both for man and beast; a grand fighting affair, *The Heroines of Switzerland*, formed the next course; and a pantomime, *Harlequin Prince of Persia*, concluded a various and ample series of entertainments. — Third and last, SADLER'S WELLS, of which we understand Grimaldi has become either whole or a large proprietor, opened with a musical piece, *Caught at last*, to which a pantomime succeeded, called the *Elements*, the humour of which is not of the highest order, as may be gathered from the description of the scenery, which would fain be laughable.

#### NEW SCENES AND OLD SCRAPS.

Scene.

1. Region of Air.—“A little airy spirit, see, sits on yon cloud, and” —descends to
2. Earth, “To touch the finer springs that move the world,” —“Of fancy in a frolic.” —“O, for a muse of
3. Fire.—“There he is in his robes, burning! burning!” ready to sing—
4. “Water parted from the Sea,” where “molly's your only wear;” but where's Harlequin? at
5. Sadler's Wells, where all “go jig-a-jog trot-

Scene.

- ting together,” to have “a peep behind the curtain,” where “fades the glimmering
6. Landscape on the sight”—changing, “Odds bullets!” to a
7. Gunsmith's Shop.—“To teach the young idea how to shoot,” and “scatter slaughter like a
8. Doctor's Shop.—“Throw physic to the dogs.” All nostrums, one excepted, evils, Grimaldi's balsam for blue devils!
- Of which he sings—and, *harmony at a pinch*,
9. Music and Snuff Shops, “join their strange according;” as, when “the bagpipe sings i'th' nose;” “good music to entertain the company,” in
10. A Street at Oxford, where “with classic wreaths,” of sausages, Grimaldi “binds his brows;” then kick'd from learning's post, to
11. Naval Pillar, proves, “Britons never will be slaves.” —“Now get you to my lady's
12. Chamber,” —“Where the bubbling and loud hissing urn throws up a steamy column,” for “tea and turn out” into a
13. Cobbler's Stall.—“A cobbler there was and he liv'd in a stall, Which served him for parlour and
14. Kitchen,” —“O! the roast beef of Old England,” is sung in every
15. Street; —but, “haste to the wedding,” in the
16. Temple of the Elements, where “Ends this strange eventful history.”

An aqua-drama, the *Gheber*, founded on Moore's *Lallah Rookh*, and more peculiar to the properties of this theatre, concluded the amusements of the evening.

#### DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

THERE is some variety and interest in the news of the week. From India in particular, the accounts are more important than they have been for some time past. The great plan for organizing the Peninsula on a stable and peaceful system, unbroken by predatory wars, and unvexed by oppressive extortions, is carrying rapidly into effect. The dispatches from Bombay are of the 24th November; on the 5th and 17th of which month the Peishwa had been defeated, and Poonah, his capital, entered in triumph by the British. The forces on this occasion were disproportioned in numbers, our army being only four thousand while the enemy was 40,000 strong. Discipline, however, prevailed; and the Peishwa, whose hostility has long been known, fled to one of the stoutest forts which previous arrangements had left him. Lord Hastings has concluded a treaty with Scindiah, the main object of which is the subjugation of the lawless Pindarees. Holkar is also represented as amicable, or at least submissive. Indeed, what we stated some months ago, is developed:—We have brought a force into the field quite adequate to effect all the good

purposes in view and look down opposition.

From the Continent we learn, that the Emperor Alexander has carried into practice the representative constitution accorded to Poland.—The King of Portugal has acceded to the Holy Alliance.—The Spanish amnesty has been promulgated; and the Expedition with the Russian ships is on the eve of sailing from Cadiz for South America. It is reported, that the insurgents in Mexico have massacred 120 prisoners, including eight officers, as a retaliation for the execution of Mina.—Another report is abroad, that an insurrection has broken out against Christophe, the sable monarch of Hayti, who is besides represented as being in a bad state of health.—A third says, that the Dey of Algiers has died of the plague, after a rule of six months, and is succeeded by Coja de Cavalli, his Minister of the Interior.

It now seems certain that the French Police have succeeded in tracing and arresting the wretch who attempted the life of the Duke of Wellington: He is an old soldier, of the name of Cantillon. Various circumstances are related, but none of them on which we can depend.

The Odeon Theatre in Paris, the finest piece of theatrical architecture in that city, was burnt down on the 20th.

Earthquakes, and other awful phenomena of nature, have been lately more common in many parts of Europe than we remember. In Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and the North, meteors, subterraneous noises, avalanches, &c. &c. shew the wonderful workings of natural causes in a state of diffused activity, which well merits the observation of the philosopher.

At home we have little of stir. The marriage of our amiable and accomplished Princess Elizabeth with the Prince of Hesse Homberg, is fixed for the 7th April, at the Queen's Palace. Her Royal Highness comes to town on Monday.

A very strange affair has occupied the Court of Chancery. We cannot enter into details, but the impression is, that to authorize a claim for 15,000*l.* raised on the part of the Princess of Wales against the assets of the late Duke of Brunswick, some unprincipled persons have forged a document purporting to be executed by that brave Prince.

There was a Reform Meeting in Palace-Yard on Monday, at which Sir

Francis Burdett, Lord Cochrane, Hunt, Dr. Watson, Cleary, Cartwright, and others of that set, took the lead. There was much scurrility and folly—but the whole went off like the other Easter frolics.

## VARIETIES.

An Expedition has sailed from New York to proceed round Cape Horn, and found an American Colony, (as it is said) on the shores of the Pacific, between the north of the Spanish, and south of the Russian settlements.

The comet of Marsilles has been observed at Augsburg; it is much increased in size and brilliancy since the middle of February.

An experiment has lately been made at the theatre Fevdean, of a new method of managing the light on the stage. It proved completely successful. The transition from day to night, in the second act of *Joconde*, produced the most perfect illusion.

When we heard of Incledon's death in an American paper, we offered to wager that it was the prologue to his reappearance in England. That we were right in our guess, the following from the *Morning Post* of Thursday sheweth:

Mr. Incledon.—Letters were yesterday received in town, which happily remove the anxious fears entertained by the friends of our national singer, who was reported to have died at New York from rupturing a blood-vessel. It is difficult to account for the motives which could have induced any one to invent such a cruel report. Let it suffice, however, to know that he never enjoyed better health, and that his success continued to a degree unprecedented.

The Cardinal de Retz was the mortal enemy of Cardinal Mazarin. In order to mortify the latter with a twit at his obscure origin, he procured to be inserted in the *Gazette of Rome* the following paragraph: *We learn by letters from Paris that Pierre Mazarin is dead at Rome.* This was the Cardinal's father.

ANECDOTE.—A Frenchman, who had a dispute with a Turk in Constantinople, and had stabbed him, was condemned to death. The criminal thought on means to save himself; and as he knew that the Emperor was a great lover of elephants, he proposed to him, to spare his life, and he would in return teach one of these animals to speak. The Emperor, who knew the sense of the elephant, thought it possible, that by pains and art they might be taught to do so; he therefore accepted the proposal of the prisoner, and besides, promised a handsome reward if he fulfilled his promise in a certain time. The Frenchman said, that ten years would be wanted to instruct such a very large animal, if he was to teach it to speak the Turkish quite perfectly; but he would be content to suffer the most cruel death at the expiration of that time, if he

should not fulfil what he had undertaken. After they had agreed to this, he and a young elephant were confined in a tower, and supplied with abundance of provisions. After a little time, he was visited by some of his countrymen, who testified their astonishment at his mad promise. You bring destruction on yourself by it, said one of them: Don't fear, gentlemen, said the prisoner, ten years is a great period of human life; I assure you, that before these are expired, one of us, either the Emperor, the elephant, or I, shall be dead.

A person might make a very excellent book of that of which you know nothing, said a would-be wit, to one with whom he was arguing. A person might make a very bad book of that which you know, was the reply.

A hasty passionate fellow was supping with a friend who never contradicted him, not wishing to provoke his wrath. Unable to endure this acquiescence, he at last burst out, "D—n it, deny something, that I may know there are two of us."

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## CONTENTS OF JOURNAL DES SAVANS for March 1818.

Annuaire & Connoissance des Temps, reviewed by M. Biot.—M. Gail's edition and translation of Xenophon, by Raoul-Rochette.—M. Girlach's Fundamental Philosophy, by Cousin.—M. Lemerrier Cours de Littérature (3d art.), by Raynouard.—M. Elphinstone's Kingdom of Caubul, by Silvestre de Sacy.—M. Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, by Daunou.—M. Darcet's Fumigating Apparatus, by Tessier.

M. Sismonde de Sismondi's work, entitled, *A History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Age*, and that of Charles Fillers on the Philosophy of Kant, or *Fundamental Principles of the Transcendent Philosophy*, have been put on the index by a decree of the congregation of Rome, dated the 22d of December last, and published in the *Diario* on the 18th of February.

Among the recent French works presented by the authors, according to their custom, to the King, are, Letters on the Russian War, by the Viscount de Poulbique; a Translation of the Odes of Horace, by M. Le Texier; and a Translation of the Jerusalem Delivered, by M. de la Monnaie.

A complete edition of Marmontel's Works is announced, from the press of M. Firmin Didot.

Mr. Charles Malo's absurd work on England has reached a 2d edit. at Paris.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

## MARCH.

Thursday, 19.—Thermometer from 48 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 01. Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy, with a little rain about 10 in the morning. The warmest night since the 1st of December.

Friday, 20.—Thermometer from 36 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 83 to 30, 10.

Wind N. W. 1.—Morning overcast: the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Saturday, 21.—Thermometer from 30 to 51.

Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 03.

Wind S. W. 2.—Morning clear: sharp white frost: the rime remained on the rails till nine o'clock, so keen was the wind: ditches and puddles frozen over: the latter part of the day overcast, with showers of rain in the afternoon.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Sunday, 22.—Thermometer from 37 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 87.

Wind W. by N. and S. W. 2.—Raining almost all the day.—Rain fallen, 1.75 of an inch.

Monday, 23.—Thermometer from 39 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 46 to 29, 74.

Wind W. and S. W. 4.—A tempestuous night; I think the velocity of the wind, at times, was nearly equal to that on the 4th inst. Raining till eleven: the afternoon and evening clear: strong flashes of lightning in the N. E. in the evening. Waters much out.—Rain fallen, 35 of an inch.

Tuesday, 24.—Thermometer from 35 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 86 to 29, 95.

Wind S. by W. 3.—Morning overcast. the rest of the day clear, with two smart hail-storms about two.

Wednesday, 25.—Thermometer from 34 to 47.

Barometer from 29, 73 to 29, 97.

Wind S. W. and W. by N. 1.—Morning overcast: the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 35 of an inch.

Frogs spawn the 19th. The buds of the larch, the Siberian crab, and the horsechestnut, burst on the 19th. Dust flew a little on the 21st.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed, And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze, Chills the pale moon, and bids the driving sleets Deform the day delightless.—Thomson.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.  
Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A pressure of matter compels us, reluctantly, to postpone several articles (original and contributed) which are ready for publication. Among these we may announce *Considerations on the Copyright Act*—Mr. A. Robertson on the State of the Arts in Scotland—*Essay and Statement on Pagiography*, or an universal Language—two interesting articles on the Mode of instructing the Blind.—*The Marriage of Thetis and Peleus*; and *The Hill of Caves*, poetry.—Professor Millington's 5th and last Lecture on Magnetism.—Remarks on Mr. Ogilvie's Lectures, &c. &c. &c.

A Lover of Justice is under consideration. We were mistaken in supposing that the Gentleman, whose *Annals of Banks for Saving* was reviewed in No. 60 of the *Literary Gazette*, co-operated with Mr. Rose as a senator, in the formation of these benevolent institutions. Though an able and experienced coadjutor, he was not a Member of Parliament.

The Editor will refer to the botanical work mentioned by "A Constant Reader, Yoxford." He had no previous knowledge of it.

BENSLY and SONS, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.